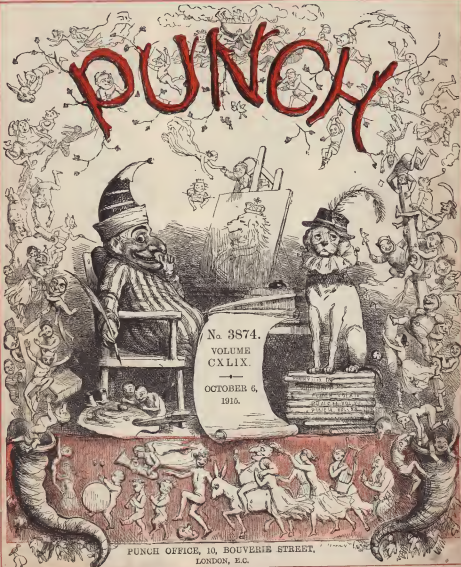


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Figure 10

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There is nothing better than Calox as a safeguard of the teeth. The oxygen which Calox Tooth Powder liberates as use finds its purifying, cleansing way into all the crevices which otherwise would go uncleaned. Calox cleanses the mouth and teeth of all destructive germs, prevents tartar deposit, and insures to the teeth that brilliant lustre and whiteness so desired.

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Sold in  
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# The Personal Attainment of Maximum Efficiency

**"No person can do work representing the maximum degree of either mental or physical capacity, either in quantity or quality, who indulges in sedentary habits of living and neglects physical exercise."**

—GENERAL JAMES FRANKLIN BELL.

The official note which contained this statement was written by General Bell when Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, for the purpose of recommending to officers the **Muller System** of exercise, which, after much experience of other systems, he advocated as a thoroughly efficient and satisfactory method of regularly exercising every muscle of the body in a minimum amount of time.

## The Secret of Fitness.

In a *Daily News* article recently, it was asked why it is that recruits, who in civil life were the victims of all the ills that flesh is heir to, are now able to write home to their friends saying that they are "awfully fit"? The answer supplied by a military correspondent was:—

"Because of the Physical Training course to which all recruits are subjected—a course which develops equally every organ and muscle of the body. . . . No one in the Army is too old to perform the exercises contained in the 'Physical Training Tables.' A man of 70 who is organically sound can perform them and obtain benefit from them. By the young train control, the old are made agile and have their nerves strengthened, the unhealthy are made fit and the fit are made fitter."

The effects here described are precisely those which are obtained with facility by the practice at home of the world famous exercises of **Lieut. J. P. Muller** (Royal Danish Engineers), and no speedier or more efficient means has yet been discovered for the attainment of physical fitness.

Because the Muller System requires no special apparatus of any kind, can be graded to suit the individual requirements of everyone whatever his or her physical condition or abilities, and because it has proved to be so entirely efficacious in restoring and maintaining a remarkable degree of physical efficiency, it is being advocated by hundreds of doctors and practised by hundreds of thousands of men and women.

## Physiologically Sound.

The large endorsement of the Muller System by the medical profession is so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

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For all its remarkable simplicity and conciseness the one System comprehends the entire physical organism and the results it has achieved in a great number of widely different cases prove that it goes to the root of the trouble. The evidence is supplied in upwards of

## 20,000 Reports on the Curative Value of the Muller System,

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### Personal Instruction.

Tuition is given individually and privately at the Institute in brief, airy rooms. There are no classes. Separate instruction rooms are set apart for Ladies and Children. Competent Lady Instructors, working under the supervision of Lieut. Muller and the Lady Director, give expert assistance and individual attention.

For those who are unable to visit the Institute arrangements can be made to send Instructors (lady or gentleman) to explain and teach the System in their own homes.

### Free Consultation.

Readers are invited to call at the MULLER INSTITUTE, 45 DOVER STREET (opposite Tube Station), PICCADILLY, W. (Telephone 410 Regent), for a free consultation with Lieut. Muller.

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### Postal Instruction.

Special courses of instruction by post are conducted by Lieut. Muller to enable persons in the country and abroad to learn the exercises thoroughly, easily and quickly. Each course is private, personal and especially adapted to individual requirements and abilities. The instructions are simple, and lucid, and include diagrams illustrating the various positions in each of the exercises. Write for particulars to day and please mention "Punch" when writing.



A life drawing of a photograph of Borgberg's life-size statue of Lieut. Muller.

## Evidence concerning the System.

Dr. JAMES SWANSON, M.A., M.B., G.M., F.R.F.P.S., Glasgow:

"I have no hesitation in saying that no living man has done more to promote a clean, healthy life among the men and women of England than you have done."

"I wish you long life and strength to continue your good work of salvation by attention to the body."

"THE SUNDAY TIMES":

"To sum up, the Muller System is undoubtedly an all-round comprehensive method of regularly exercising every muscle of the body in a minimum amount of time, and that, briefly, spells health."

Mr. HUGH DE SELINCOURT, writing in "The Daily Mail":

"After three months' regular discipline—discipline, mind you, accessible to every man—a man's body changes almost beyond belief."

"Do it, and you will see. Do it for the sake of your health and the health of your children, and your children's children. Do it for the sake of England, who wants tough, healthy men."

"THE TIMES":

"Lieutenant Muller is a good advertisement of his system, for he has a fine well-proportioned figure; his muscles are not developed to excess, and it would not be difficult to find many young men in the Army or at the Universities of larger muscular proportions."

"THE OBSERVER":

"There is no terrible development of thigh or hips. You are only supple and upright; only healthier and happier, less cross and less nervous, only nicer to live with; cleaner, pluckier and more self-confident."

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE:

"One becomes fit and keeps fit by carrying out Lieut. Muller's System, which is a natural course of exercises without the use of muscle-training instruments, causing no great strain and resulting in no after-collapse."

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OF

## MALTED MILK TABLETS



### For Officers and Men at the Front

An emergency ration is necessary for every man on active service. At any moment a unit or a man may become detached or isolated, and without food supplies the difficulties and dangers of such a position are greatly increased.

The soldier needs an emergency ration which he can carry conveniently; small, compact, instantly ready, and complete in itself.

All these requirements are met by Horlick's 24-Hour Ration of Malted Milk Tablets.

lets. 80 Tablets are packed in a round air-tight tin as shown, the whole weighing only 7ozs. They contain all the valuable food qualities of pure, full-cream milk, enriched by the nutritive extracts of choice malted barley and wheat.

Every particle is pure nourishment—there is no waste matter—and from 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and

vigour for 24 hours, and in addition the tablets relieve thirst and prevent hoarseness and dryness.

Think what a blessing such a ration would be to the soldier if wounded and left unattended for some hours. He would have ample nourishment to maintain his strength in this hour of need, and who knows but such a ration would save his life?—at all events, those at home can see to it that their fighting men are thus provided with a reliable and convenient emergency ration.



Send one to-day to  
**YOUR Soldier**

Price **1/6** Each

Post free to any address  
— at the Front —



We will send post free to ANY address a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also your own name and address, and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British Expeditionary Force or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; or if not with either, give name of place at which unit is stationed. In the case of a sailor give the name of his ship and simply address c/o G.P.O.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS.**

## CHARIVARIA.

SCETCHFUL people who thought it odd that the latest German Loan should have just topped the figures for our own War Loan, will be pleased to have their doubts confirmed by the *Lokalanzeiger*, which observes that "The twelve milliards of marks are no modest figure arrived at by arithmetic."

Mr. JOHN R. STARKLEY, M.P., has returned to the Exchequer the amount of his parliamentary salary received during the War, explaining that he felt uncomfortable in accepting it under present conditions. Now he is "Happy Starkey" once more.

Some elderly members of a suburban V.T.C. who attended a special service at the parish church the other day are still wondering why the preacher chose as his text, "Can these dry bones live?"

With surprising unanimity the German newspapers declared last week that the King of BULGARIA and his Prime Minister had finally decided to throw in their lot with the Central Powers. Later news suggests that they had forgotten the old proverb that "a Ferdinand is worth two in the bush."

We deeply sympathise with the elderly man who asked the Willesden magistrate for a separation-order on the ground that his wife was always throwing knives at him, and he could not dodge them so easily as when he was younger. It is a penalty of advancing years that one takes longer to see the point of anything.

Butter cards, similar in principle to the existing bread-cards, are shortly to be introduced in Germany. But that does not justify us in boasting of our superior position. There is a large demand for Tuck-cards in this country also.

The KAISER, like the humblest of his subjects, has had to part with all metal possessions, such as door-knobs, in order that they may be made into shells. It is believed that even his brazen front has now disappeared.

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, which speaks of the German official communiques as being distinguished by their "monumental simplicity," was probably referring to the well-known expression "to lie like a tombstone."

The Italian poet, D'ANNUNZIO, has been throwing his poems from an aeroplane. We deprecate this campaign of frightfulness.

When the KAISER was at Windsor in 1891, he told the Eton College Volunteers he was glad to see so many of them taking an interest in the study of arms, and hoped that if ever they had to draw their swords in earnest they would use them to some purpose for their country. Now that there are three thousand Etonians at the Front, he is beginning to be sorry he spoke.



Supporter of the Budget. "So I'm a-RESTIN' YOC TERN DO WUT I'M A-DOIN'—AN' THAT IS PAY UP AN' LOOK PLEASIN'."

A taxi-cab driver, charged at Bow Street recently with being drunk, offered to read a newspaper upside-down in order to prove that he was sober. This is no test at all. He should have offered to read the predictions of some of our war-prophets the right way up.

The report that Mr. FOND, the American motor-car maker, who has become so violent a pacifist, is going to set up a factory in Brazil, "where the nuts come from," is as yet unfirmed.

Extract from a Tommy's letter, written in Egypt:—"It is terribly hot out here, so hot, in fact, that they feed the hens on ice-cream to stop them laying hard-boiled eggs."

A young Berliner has been permitted to make a series of pictures of the German Fleet. They are executed in pastels, as it was felt that water-colours were hardly suitable, and will be entitled "Studies of Still Life in the Kiel Canal."

History doesn't always repeat itself quite correctly. MOORE's Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was MOKANNA. But the unveiler of war-profits is McKENNA.

"The following," writes a soldier, "was actually heard by myself while in charge of a guard:—

Sentry. "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice. "Chaplain."

Sentry. "Pass, Charlie; all's well."

In case any reader should doubt the veracity of the above conversation, Mr. Punch begs to say that it must be true, as he has heard it from at least fifty separate sources during the past fortnight, besides seeing it last week in an illustrated paper.

Some of the German newspapers are suspiciously well informed about our plan of campaign. The *Neueste Nachrichten*, describing the bombardment preceding the Allies' attack, says it was "as if they wanted to batter down the gates of hell."

The pickpocket's motto: "There is a silver lining to every crowd."

Cruel only to be kind.

"ACCIDENT. — On Friday, Cyril Thornt, aged nine, whilst at play in the schoolyard slipped down and broke his left thigh-bone. First-aid was rendered by the teachers."—*Oxford Times*.

"A tripe line of German defences in the East and West will have to be broken through before Germany's vitals are so much as threatened."—*Argyllshire Gazette*.

We rather deprecate these gastronomical metaphors.

"Sablino Porto literally roasts 'lotty gate.' It is the principal entrance to the Scraggio at Constantinople, and is the place from which the imperial edicts are issued."

The Scraggio is also the place where the Imperial bow-strings are kept.

"BELGIAN SUCCESS.—On Saturday evening our troops captured a German telephone post on the right bank. They have taken the garrison, consisting of 15 men and 1 non-commissioned officer, prisoners."—*Morning Paper*. The Germans no doubt were "up the pole."



## THE LIMITATIONS OF THE KAISER.

I EVER regard his ease as odd  
Who ventures to doubt that I'm a god;  
Few, in fact, can distinguish me  
From my friend and double, the Deity;  
Yet I cannot behave like a fowl in air,  
I cannot at once be everywhere.

Limited thus, I must needs decide  
Where I would spend last Christmastide;  
Various pleasant schemes I had—  
Paris and London and Petrograd—  
But I couldn't have painted them all three red,  
So I finally stayed at home instead.

Now Yule is on us again and I'm  
Still bound by the laws of space and time;  
My heart, like a common man's, is torn  
Between the above and the Golden Horn,  
With matins under a Moslem dome;  
But how can I do all four—(and Rome)?

Meanwhile it's had for my beauty rest  
(East being East and West still West)  
If I'm expected to bear the brunts  
Arising out of a hrace of fronts,  
Neither of which—from a distant view—  
Is doing as well as I told it to.

I find the travelling most severe,  
Though I only do it from rear to rear;  
And often enough has the wish occurred  
That I could arrange to be a hind;  
And it's a "Oh!" I cry with my godlike voice,  
"Oh! for the wings—of a dove, for choice."

O. S.

## ADMIRAL POST.

"You've heard of 'General Post,' haven't you?" said Jack to Cheeks, the marine. "Well, the KAISER has invented a new game called 'Admiral Post.' In the first place let me tell you what I been reading in the paper about Admiral von HOLTZENORFF, followin' on the sensational departure for other scenes of Admiral von TIRPITZ. Now to be quite frank with you, you being only a marine, I'm gettin' qualms about the German Navy. They're threatened with a certain liveliness, Cheeks, they are."

"You see this von HOLTZENORFF used to command the High Seas Fleet just before the War. He was a fair one for paint work and leadin' the line at reviews. For the pipin' days of peace he was absolutely fit. But when the War broke out the KAISER gets a sort of grouse on von HOLTZENORFF and drops him for another feller called von INGENHOLT."

"Ow do you come to know those names?" asks Cheeks. "I was just reading them in the paper," says Jack. "Well, all the world knows now what von INGENHOLT did. For months and months there was only one navy in the world, and von SPEER's little lot and the *Emden* and the *Blocher* and all the other victories was celebrated in Berlin in the correct style, all school-children being ordered to get hoarse by compulsion. But one day, when the KAISER was counting his ships, he says to von INGENHOLT, he says, 'Where's my *Blocher*?' And the gallant Admiral replies that the *Blocher* has been converted into a Dreadnought submarine. Which is what they call a half-truth, and not bad for a German. Then the KAISER gives von INGENHOLT a nasty look, and says to him, 'You can slide it. I'm going to give the command to von POHL.'"

"You're making it up," says Cheeks.

"Gospel truth, I ain't. I just read it in the paper."

"Ow do all these blokes' names come to begin with a von?"

"If you wasn't an ignorant marine you'd know that von is German for O'. I was once in a destroyer and we had eight O's on board, Irish all of 'em. There was O'Flaherty, O'Gannon, O'Hara, O'Donovan and O'Reilly, and so on. If they'd been Germans they'd have been von Flaherty, von Connor, von Hara, *etc.*—see? Where was I? We'd got to von POHL."

"Well, von POHL turned out to be the very man for the job, and the KAISER was fair off his nut with joy about him. He'd got the High Seas Fleet in grand order, and there it was dashin' up and down the Kiel Canal, grittin' its teeth, firin' birthday salutes and waitin' for the Day."

"The KAISER went down to Kiel for all his week-ends so as to give away the iron crosses to the submarine crews before they go West, and they say, Cheeks, as his admiration for von POHL had no bounds."

"Well, the last time he was there, musin' to himself on the shore and wavin' his hand to the barges goin' down to Wilhelmshaven for more anchors, he had a happy thought. His active brain turned in the direction of Admiral von HOLTZENORFF."

"Now you got to understand that von HOLTZ, ever since he got the push and his pension, had been livin' the life of a simple German gentleman in Berlin. As far as can be gathered, he behaved no different to nobody. He planted taters in his window-boxes, he wrote to the papers, signing himself 'Too old at 84,' and he sung the 'Hymn of Hate' before and after meals, just like everybody else who has to subscribe to the War Loan."

"One fine mornin' he gets a wire from his Imperial Master: 'All is forgiven. Can find you a new job.' That was at 9 a.m.; and you can bet, Cheeks, that, grabbin' up his telescope and pack o' patience cards, he caught the 9.40 all right."

"The KAISER was all affability." He sends for Admiral BACHMANN, who's the head of the Naval General Staff. "BACHMANN," he says, "you thick-headed numskull, what's this I hear about your plannin' another triumphant attack on the fortifications of Scarborough?" "It's not me," says BACHMANN, "it's my fool of a vice-chief, BEHNCKE." "Then you both take the push," says the KAISER. Whereupon turnin' to our old friend, von HOLTZENORFF, he says, hardly able to keep the tears gushin' from his eyes, "You're about the biggest back number in the country, HOLTZEY, and it's up to me to give you the softest job that's going. You're appointed Chief of the Naval General Staff," he says; "and you can name your own Vice-Chief," he adds, "tuey that reckless feller BEHNCKE." Well, HOLTZEY votes for von KOCH, who was friends with him in the old days when the German Navy used to have Cinderellas on the quarter-deck and knew nothin' of the horrors of war. And that's how it stands now, Cheeks."

"It don't give me no qualms, Jack," says Cheeks.

"Well, I dinno. Here's this von HOLTZENORFF, who used to command the Battle Fleet in the days when there were no battles, succeeded first by von INGENHOLT and then by von POHL, and then as a crownin' disgrace shoved along with his pal von KOCH into the Naval General Staff eisey BACHMANN and BEHNCKE. It may not be lettin' loose the dogs of war, Cheeks, m'lad, but it looks very much to me as if the German fleet is goin' to hold a regatta!"

## Tennyson on the new Budget Duties.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story  
The path of Duty was the way to Glory."





### GANYMEDE AND THE GERMAN EAGLE.

SULTAN, "OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S A GREAT HONOUR BEING 'TAKEN UP' LIKE THIS; STILL, I'M BEGINNING ALMOST TO WISH THE BIRD HAD LEFT ME ALONE."





YOUTHFUL OFFICER. "YOU REALLY MUST SEND MY NEW BRUSHING TO-DAY, I'M OFF TO FRANCE TO-MORROW, AND I BELIEVE MY REGIMENT HAS A BATTLE ON FOR THE WEEK-END."

### ON BELLONA'S HEM.

#### THE RULING PASSION.

WE were crossing from Portsmouth to Ryde. The almost horizontal rain from the indigo cloud drove us all under cover, and I found myself beneath the captain's bridge, packed hard against two lieutenants. Hence if I became a listener to their confidences the offence must be charged not to any wish of mine to eavesdrop but to the vagaries of the English August.

Yet no secret of warfare did they unfold. In fact, but for their khaki and their puttees and their capes, they might still have been conversationalists in the piping times of peace.

Having dismissed the weather with their best but inadequate adjectives, they turned to the real topic of interest for the young and spirited officer—the mo-bike. One of them had a mo-bike on the island and was going to fetch it back; the other had a mo-bike on the mainland, and was, for the day, being dragged awfully from it. Each had had astonishing experiences which they related so eagerly against the other's that neither story was ever quite finished, or rather, as in some of the magazines,

the first instalment of the new one ran concurrently with the last of the old.

It was wonderful what resources each had extracted from his jigger. A tragedy, however, hung over the one whose jigger was on the mainland; for, would you believe it, that young ass So-and-so (I know his name, but mercifully suppress it) had missed parade so often owing to his smash-ups that anyone else who defected from a similar cause was to be forbidden to ride one again. It was a pity that asses like So-and-so ever got into a regiment; but on the whole the speaker could not deny that their crowd was a jolly decent one. Still, it would be a foul thing if mo-bikes were stopped.

But for some trouble once with the carburettor, the other speaker's mo-bike had never let him down yet, and it was second-hand too. Nor had his friend much fault to find with his, except that it was such a whale for oil. It was jolly decent of the police, they both decided, to be so careless about the speed limit now, but then of course they never know whether or not one is on duty: one of the good points about khaki. Had the other ever clapped eyes on old Blank (I have his name

too) on his Regal? Talk about a flyer. Never stopped for anyone, even in the town. A bit rotten, the speaker thought that. One ought to have some consideration, dash it all! Yes, the other agreed, of course one ought. But out in the country let her rip. "Absolutely," said the other.

"Last Sunday," said the first, "I went to see my people. Forty miles an hour or over if I was doing an inch . . ."

"Forty-two I was doing for a bit on Friday," said his friend, "until a string of A.S.C. lorries pulled me up. Confound them! It was between . . ."

But here the sun came out and I returned to the open deck.

### Punch's Roll of Honour.

PHILIP BAYNES, Acting Sergeant, 1st Rifle Brigade, reported missing. Mr. BAYNES, who had been through the Boer War, enlisted as a private, and went out to the Front last October. As an artist he had won a wide reputation, and his strong, fresh work was familiar in *Punch*. We join with his large circle of friends in the earnest hope that a career of such high promise has not been cut short.

## A BEST SELLER.

"I don't want one," I said to the rather seedy-looking individual who had invaded me, but he was very insistent.

"Well, Sir," he said, "you may think you don't, but you do, if I may say so. It's specially prepared for the use of literary gentlemen. Gives a lot of information not contained in most diaries. List of all the Lord Mayors, City Companies, Members of Parliament, Government officials—and their salaries, leading events in history, rank and pay in Army and Navy, dates of important battles—"

"Does it say definitely when the War will be over?" I asked.

"Tables of weights and measures, rates of postage—"

"I saw it was no use interrupting his parrot stunt. He'd learnt it and had to get it off his chest.

"Leading authors and artists, playwrights, actors, insurance companies and rates—"

"Including Zepp rates?" I pushed in.

"Names of leading clubs, churches, banks—in fact nearly everything you want to know."

"Except," I said, "when this confounded War will be over."

"Ah," he said, "a book as would tell you that would be worth its weight in gold, Sir, whereas this useful little volume is only a shilling."

"What's it called?" I said.

"The Literary Man's Diary and Vade Mecum." As he pronounced it "Vade" rhymed with "wade." "Gives the name of every street in London." He had evidently left this bit out.

"I know," I said, "about as many as I can carry in my head already."

"You don't need to remember them," he said, "with this book. It remembers them for you."

"But I couldn't think of carting it about with me," I said.

"Why not, Sir? It's very small."

"But think," I said, "what I have to carry as it is. Card-case, tobacco pouch, pipe, matches, knife, keys, money, cheque-book, letters. My tailor wouldn't bear of such a thing."

"Then why not keep it on your desk, Sir?"

"Put it on my desk, you mean," I said. "No power on earth could keep it there, what with my typist and the woman who keeps my rooms tidy."

"That's the beauty of the cover," he said. "If it's mislaid, it finds itself, as you might say."

"It certainly is noisy," I said. "Well, you're very persuasive. I'll try one, just this once."

He needed no second invitation, and when the man had gone I glanced through the book. I don't remember exactly in what year Lord LOWBURN

"I know. But as I was coming up I met a man at the bottom of the stairs who said he knew you. He told me he had been calling to see you and you weren't in."

"But I am in, as you see. How did he know who you were?"

"He didn't. He asked if I was going up to see you."

"Did he happen to be a seedy-looking ruffian in a black tail coat and a red bow tie?"

"That was the disguise," said Arthur, "that and a brown bowler hat."

"Now I wonder," I said, "why he told you I was out."

"Don't know. He told me you had asked him to call with a copy of a book he had with him."

"The sort of thing he would say. Was it," I asked, "a book about ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings?"

"It seemed comprehensive," said Arthur, "so I bought a copy for myself."

"The old villain!" I said. "So did I. There's my copy. No, there, behind the coal-box."

"That's cheerful," he said. "You owe me a bob."

"Why?" I asked. "I paid him for it."

"Yes," said Arthur sweetly, "but not for the copy that he said he had brought for you. I paid for that."

From an undertaker's advertisement:—

No advances in Prices for the next Six Months, having large stock of materials.

Wolverhampton Express.

This will comfort those who are appalled by the increased

cost of dying.

SERIES, INDIA, Sept. 7.—The Gaskwar of Baroda has contributed five lakhs of rupees for use on the British front.

Daily Observer (Jamaica).

His Highness has apparently followed the example of our own magnates who have "put down their footmen."

In 1861 the London Irish Rifles figured among the Volunteer corps which were reviewed at Wandsworth; this review forms an interesting link with the past, for the Duke of Wellington was one of the Generals present. Evening Paper.

On this occasion His Grace did not take the usual route from Waterloo, but travelled from St. Paul's.



Amless Metter. "COME AWAY, WILLIE! YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN THOSE GERMAN MINER MAY GO OFF!"

gave up office, but he was still Lord Chancellor when the diary was compiled, and a good many other matters appeared to have been dealt with from the standpoint of the early part of the century. In disgust I flung the book across the room, and only just in time to miss Arthur, who happened to look in on me.

"Hallo," he said, "I thought you were out."

"Then why did you come up?" I said.

"To leave something for you," he said.

"How should you know anything of my movements?" I said. "You haven't been near me for a week or two."



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**BUNCAY LOWE AND THE BOOKSTALL-MAN.**

I CAME upon them at that hour when one is most sensitive to the unengendered; just before the day's work. To the bookstall-man I daresay I am even more irritating than he to me. Since the War began and brought with it the minor blessing of the truce to one's political passions, I have been a casual instead of a regular customer, buying varieties of newspapers I would not have been seen dead with in times of peace. Moreover I think the bookstall-man has begun to suspect that my slender purchases are largely made with a view to providing myself with the supply of coppers that come in so useful at odd times of the day; and he hates being asked for change. At any rate he's always rude to me if an opportunity occurs. The other day I thought to find favour with him by buying for a book. I said, "Have you *Cardy'stuff—I mean Veronica?*"

It was a real name, but unusual. He made me repeat it, and then said roughly, "When you know what you do mean, I'll see if I've got it;" and I retaliated by making him change me a half-crown for a halfpenny paper.

Parochially, I wonder why authors sometimes let their progeny go forth with such tormenting names. That otherwise undeniable classic, *The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Alekine*, is a case in point. Good serviceable hard-wearing titles, ready shrunk, requiring just a medium education to understand, and not too much moral courage to ask for, ought to be easily procurable. Facility in putting them together is not hard to acquire, and may be a most useful accomplishment, as I found in dealing with Bungay Lowe.

Bungay Lowe as often as not travels up to town with me. If he would only talk about the weather I could stand it, but he is one of those fatuous people who consider that English weather is a thirdbare topic. He reads, it is true, but he cannot refrain from reading passages aloud. They are generally such things as letters he himself has written to the newspapers, or the academic pleasantness of Mr. BERTRAND RUSSELL. He runs a debating society somewhere Hampstead way, and is more than suspected of rehearsing bits of his speeches in his ordinary conversation. When I say that since the war began his debating activities have apparently doubled, I think I am delineating his character as fully as any of my readers can possibly wish, so when, a few mornings ago, I arrived early at the station and saw Bungay Lowe at the other end of the

platform waiting me, I took temporary refuge at the bookstall, where my other enemy was in a particularly curt and unkind mood and muttered curses over fivepence-halfpenny. I then advanced under cover of *The Daily Screen* and was incontinently caught.

Bungay Lowe's breast-pocket was bulging with manuscript, and I was soon fated to know that he had on him the notes of the speech that he was to deliver that evening. I must let him read me some extracts on the way up; I might make some valuable suggestions and perhaps help him out with a quotation or two. What was the motion to be debated? Oh, well, it wasn't a debate exactly; he was giving them a paper entitled, "Are we quite fair to the Germans?" There would be a discussion, perhaps, but no division.

I have a somewhat confused remembrance of what followed in that walk up and down the platform with Bungay Lowe. I recall that he asked me if I did not think it was our sacred duty as Englishmen to try honestly to arrive at the point of view of the Germans; and, assuming the German point of view to be somewhere the other side of the Rhine, I cordially agreed, adding, "By whatever way round," a phrase which he immediately jotted down. He then asked me if any rational being who knew anything of Germany could credit half the stories of atrocities in Belgium and France. I waxed eloquent again and said that there was no single authentic recorded instance of German soldiers having cooked and eaten an enemy civilian. That, I added, was a proof of truly remarkable powers of self-restraint. All this was duly recorded and no doubt worked up into a point. We were getting on finely, but I doubted my power to keep it up during the impending journey, which I much dreaded. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. The train was not yet quite due, but no time was to be lost.

"Of course you've read those little books by 'Jingo'—an ironical pseudonym, as you will guess—that bear so admirably upon your purpose?" I asked. "No? My good man, they're full of what you want. Quint bits of Slavian philosophy expressed in wonderful sentences. Not read them or even heard of them? Get them at once. Let me see, there are three in a definite sequence, *Change for a Sovereign*; you can see what that's about—the case for democratic control could not be more admirably presented. A *Pennyworth of Manners*; that's an open letter to a diplomatist, who with a ha'porth more could have saved the situation. And, lastly, A German

Mother, a wonderful picture of the domestic virtues of the enemy we are so ruthlessly waging war upon. Our friend at the bookstall might have one of them—you can but try. Remember the order: *Change for a Sovereign*; A *Pennyworth of Manners*; A *German Mother*."

The signal went down as Bungay Lowe sought the bookstall. I watched. He had to wait a minute or two, and then I could see his irritating profile as he enunciated with the ghastly distinctness which I have always found to be so exasperating, and which with inferiors always suggests a hidden intention of sarcasm, the three enquiries I had, I flatter myself, so ingeniously framed for him.

The first two evidently drew blanks. At the third there was some sort of upheaval in the bookstall. Bungay Lowe stepped suddenly back and a small but interested crowd gathered. What followed appeared, as far as I could see, to partake of the triple nature of a debate, a discussion, and a dog-fight. I imagined Bungay Lowe to be pointing out that there is no disparagement in imputing Tontonic parentage to any man, and he would infallibly do so, if I know him at all, to his own country's belittlement. He would urge the propriety of seeing ourselves as others see us, and this would give the bookstall-man an obvious opening. At any rate my immediate point was gained. Bungay Lowe lost the train, or at least my end of it.

**WHEN THE HEROES RETURN.****LEAVE US FORGET.**

Mother England has been forgetful before; Mother England has been forgetful. I wonder if she will be forgetful at the end of this War, when the heroes come back. I am thinking, I admit, of certain heroes in whom I take a particular interest.

Before the War they were in London and threw up, some of them, their positions unasked.

Their places now are filled. Will they be kept open for them against their return? Belgium and France know their worth if England yet does not. Let Belgium and let France speak.

Let them speak. I cannot—the subject moves me too strongly. But let England answer, and let her answer soon. What will she do when these heroes come back to her? What will the hostilities of England do when Hans and Fritz and Carl return?

**Military Wedding Equipment.**

"Some Brown belt, single brace and frog, best bridal leather."



## THE BUDGET.

"WELL, LOOK 'ERE. FOR THE SAKE O' ANYTHING, SUPPOSE YOUR INCOME 'S A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS A YEAR—"

"NOT ME. I AIN'T NOFOODIN' NOTHING. YU'D ABOT ME INTELL THISSIN' IT IS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS IN ABANT TWO MINUTES, AN' TOLLIE ME FOR A QUID AFORE I'D LAID 'ANDE OF IT."

## BUTTONS.

THEY couldn't make the old chap grasp there was a war, and instead of joining the little group of bent-backed cronies outside the village *café*, he would sit at his window, mumbling and grumbling. Standing arms akimbo, in her check-patterned apron, his daughter shouted herself hoarse. Now she pointed to me, sipping delicious coffee, but unfazed, at the parlour table; now she nodded towards the eight-years-old grandson drilling his squad of grimy-faced gawins outside in the sunlit street. Grandpère merely gaped at her: with his patched linen blouse, felt slippers, and a beard like Rip Van Winkle's, he was half blind, deaf, and—as far as I could make out—dumb.

We were in support billets that week, going forward in working parties for night-digging; but about an hour before sunset this white-capped hunting daughter had beckoned me hospitably indoors, calling my attention, as she

poured out the coffee, to framed photographs of her three soldier sons and her husband, who was a corporal in a machine-gun section and looked as though he meant business.

"*Cogues!*" cried she and, hastening suddenly into the road, rescued the snub-nosed, straight-fringed grandson from the wheels of an A.S. motor lorry. Leaning back, I was whistling under my breath, mechanically rubbing up a tunic button, when, from the chair by the window, a slow deliberate movement caught my eye, and—well, believe it or not as you choose, I had wakened Rip Van Winkle back to life. First (though I never could convince his daughter of it) he winked his right eye; next, chuckling so that he showed his toothless gums, and holding his head an inch or two higher, he drew down the cuff of his blouse, polishing an imaginary button. Screwing up his dim old eyes, he rubbed patch after patch on that faded blue linen, and, as if the familiar action called up Goodness knows what crowding memories

of youth and war, of *chamises rouges* and *képis*, he muttered, with a significant jerk of his head towards the window: "*A Berlin! A Berlin!*"

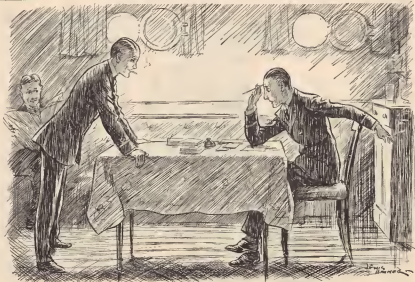
## BIBLIA ABIBLIA.

"Another reason why the more piousment lawyers do not have a fair understanding of accountancy fundamentals, is the growing practice to employ a qualified accountant—this practice we heartily commend—so look after the books."—*Mercurius Gazette, N.E.*

Extract from a school-girl's essay on "Women's Work in War Time":—"Women are now driving tram-cars instead of their husbands."

"Wanted for me, and for me alone, and only a young girl or a young woman who is a real and a willing servant. Apply to me, and to me alone, and only upon this Saturday, between the hours of half past three and half past five p.m., and on the next Sunday between the hours of one and two p.m.; wages 10s. each week."—*id est*, in "Irish Times."

We like the opening of the poem, but the rhythm breaks down rather badly later on.



## A NAVAL DISASTER.

SUB. "DASH IT ALL! I'VE CLEAR FORGOTTEN THE NAME OF THE GUY I'M WRITING TO!"

## THROUGH THE GATE OF HORN:

## A DARDANELLES DREAM.

In that dark hour before the dawn comes thronging,  
When people die and soldiers stand to arms,

I lay and wrestled with a wicked longing  
To yield ungrudgingly to Lethe's charms.  
I weighed it well, for in Battalion Orders  
High powers had registered their awful aim:—  
All subalterns to be unwinking warders

Throughout that period. But all the same  
There are some times one simply has to keep  
For certain things. This was the time for sleep.

I said, "There stands a great unwritten tradition,  
Which kills off Colonels and makes Generals grey,

That none who holds His Majesty's Commission  
Shall nod by night or be at rest by day;  
But in this middle time, when all is quiet,

When shells are silent and no flies intrude,  
When no sun scorches and no rifles riot,

And even my platoon requires no food,  
Shall I not slumber and the King forgive?

The answer is in the affirmative.

"And, if the Staff suspect the man von SANDERS  
Of swift offenses and the use of gas,

I might remind them we are not in Flanders  
(Where one, it seems, may be that sort of ass),  
But nigh to Troy, where men employed no vapours

Nor made attacks at this unnatural time,  
And Troy's traditions shall forbid such capers

While cultured Turks possess the classic chimo;  
Those haunts of chivalry shall still condemn  
The least activity at three a.m."

But anyhow, I slept. And then like thunder

Big clouds of battle burst about my head.

Methought a sentry made some hideous blunder;

The Turk came creeping and the ground was dead;

Soft over Dardannus the sun stood staring;

On Achi Baba paled the startled moon,

When Islam's gallantest, with sounds like swearing,

Drove back the pagans of the tenth platoon.

A man called Ismail, in dirty blue,

Stood kicking me. I woke—and it was true.

The time is tedious in Constantinople;

Meanwhile I pen this melancholy screed

To friendly neutrals, and perhaps the Pope 'll

Be touched and intervene and have me freed.

Haply my lines, like some distressful pennant,

Shall flutter forth to that embattled Strait

And reach and teach some drowsy Sub-Lieutenant

To be more dutiful. At any rate

The British Fleet will know that I am there,

And not bombard without the greatest care.

## Another Injustice to Ireland.

"Despite the protests of public boards in the County Roscommon, the police barracks at Frenshpark was closed yesterday by order of the Inspector-General."—*Irish Paper.*

"A general experimenting with cheaper tobaccos is going on throughout the country."—*Morning Paper.*

We hope the intrepid officer will not go too far with this deadly work.

## Precision.

"The funeral was the largest witnessed in the district for many years."—*Glasgow Herald.*



### THE NEW DEPARTURE.

THE CROWN PRINCE. "YOU WERE COMPLAINING THE OTHER DAY, FATHER, THAT YOUR GENERALS ON THE WEST FRONT WERE STUCK FAST. WELL, WE'RE ON THE MOVE NOW."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, September 28th.—The few strangers who strayed into Gallery over clock looked down on desolate scene. When Questions were called on, attendance of Members so scanty that, had Standing Order permitted an immediate count, House must necessarily have forthwith adjourned for lack of a quorum. CHAPLAIN as usual punctual in his place bearing with the ease of Atlas the load of Leadership of Opposition. As GUEST had not yet arrived, he had Front Bench all to himself, Ministerial Bench being scarcely more populous.

Reasonable to suppose that, glorious news brightening Sunday morning being fully confirmed in to-day's telegrams, there would be thronged attendance and prevalence of high spirits breaking out in ringing cheers when perchance ovens of pre-seeing forty-eight hours were alluded to. The House, in this respect true representative of the nation, was to all appearance absolutely unmoved by sudden turn in tide of war. Doggedly meaning to go on with the business to the end, it was no more elated by sudden victory than it had been depressed by long continuance of monotonous firing from opposite trenches. It was all in the day's work, and till the day's work is done the nation is not disposed to waste time or fritter away strength in emotional outbursts.

EDWARD GREY made his weekly appearance on the Treasury Bench. Brought with him momentous message for Bulgaria. Couched in that courteous but firm language of which he is master. British sympathy with the Bulgarian people is warm and sincere, but if the little kingdom, egged on by Germany, assumes an aggressive attitude on the side of the enemy "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, without reserve and without qualification."

Loud cheer from the now gathering audience greeted an unmistakable ultimatum.

Never was ultimatum delivered in the same fashion. With elbows resting on the brass-bound box, with body bent and head hung down, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, in level voice, read the historic document as he might have cited a weekly report on the Dead Meat Market. This habit of lolling over the Table when replying to a

question comparatively new but increasingly overmastering. Well worth while resisting.

BUTCHER usefully called attention to fact that the Government pay German officers, prisoners in this country, from one-third to one-half as much again as Germany pays to British prisoners



SIR EDWARD GREY ON BULGARIA.

of war of same rank. Wanted to know whether, in view of fact that German Government have by the murder of non-combatants on sea and on land, by bombardment of unfortified towns, and by numerous other acts of barbarity, systematically violated the Hague Conventions, the British Government will in future pay to German officers who are prisoners of war in this country the same daily or monthly



Pressing for retrenchment in the salaries of German prisoners.

MR. BUTCHER.

sums, and no more, as are paid by German Government to British officers who are prisoners of war in Germany?

FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE made perfunctory reply. British taxpayer, freshly burdened, would be obliged if Mr. BUTCHER would sharpen his knife and hack away at this subject till it is reduced to sensible businesslike shape.

PRIME MINISTER made urgent appeal for abstention from pursuing at present juncture question of comparative merits of National and Voluntary Service. General cheer backed up appeal. GUEST, however, having prepared speech on subject, not to be put off. Endeavoured to open debate on motion for Third Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. House not disposed to follow the lead. Conversation collapsed in time for adjournment at five minutes to seven, with time found for discussion of interrogatories administered to incumbents of Welsh Church by the Commissioners appointed under Welsh Church Act.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a Third time.

## THE ANGELS OF MONS.

It may be just that folks have flocked  
To glorify a pretty tale;  
It may be truth that Something  
hocked

That desperate battle trail,  
And, anyhow, the story's growing  
stale.

But, true or not, there's this is right,  
Sure as man lives and murder's  
done,

Fate never mixed another fight  
Since wars were first begun  
With so much Freedom to be lost or  
won.

And swearing Tommies, heaten hack,  
But rallying still their broken line  
Against the howling Prussian pack,  
May not have seemed divine,  
But still did heroes' work and did it  
fine.

Whether they saw the shining crow,  
St. George and all the rest of it,  
Or only found a job to do  
And meant to stand their hit,  
Something or Someone gave them grip  
and grit.

"The Zeppelin says the report was probably accompanied by several others."

Morning-Post.

The Zeppelin may have said so, but  
you can never believe a gas-bag.







THE Whisky of rare refinement and of exquisite taste. The  
unblemished reputation of all that is good and pure.  
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Leather Belt  
Case 2/6 extra



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(2) The distance of an object of known size or height with one observation shot.  
and positive range.

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**FREE!** Description, Illustrated Pamphlet, 25/- sent post free on application.  
Inventor and Manufacturer: **CHAS. HYMAN, Optician, CAMBRIDGE.**



Artist. "HERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO BEHIND MY EARSE?"

Playboy. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SON. IT'S MY BIG BROTHER TAYN' THE COP HE WIV A STONE."

### A ROBIN AT THE FRONT.

It didn't take Jules long to flutter his way into the heart of every Tommy in the trench, for there is much that is common to the methods of English and French robins. There wasn't a man in the whole platoon who would have hurt one feather of that tiny body; and Jules knew this perfectly well, and traded on his knowledge in the most shameless manner.

No dug-out however secluded was sacred from his little inquisitive presence, if he wanted companionship; his "cheep, cheep" was too persistent to be ignored, and every occupation had to be thrown aside if Jules demanded amusement.

He had lived among quiet peasants, but one night the great change came, and Jules woke to find the farm desolate and abandoned.

It was unspeakably dreary. For two days and nights he was desolate, but on the third night the soldiers came.

He had never dreamed there could be so many men in the world, and he was afraid. The soldiers were noisy. They sang and laughed and swore, and Jules did not understand English and hated it all in his little heart.

But suddenly his interest was aroused. They began digging trenches—good honest digging; he could understand that.

Digging meant worms, and worms ready dug save a robin a great deal of trouble. So he took courage, and gradually edged himself nearer to the busy men, his little head first on one side, then on the other.

The Tommy nearest, happening to catch sight of him, carelessly threw him a small worm. It was very pink and it wriggled irresistibly.

Jules hesitated. Should he? Did he dare? Yes! With a quick darting movement he was upon it. The next instant, at a safe distance, he was bolting it greedily, and the friendship between Jules and the soldiers began. He was soon entirely one of them, as British as the most British of them all, his gay cheery little presence, in his suit of monk brown with the red waistcoat, bringing an air of gaiety to the boredom of trench life.

The men used to watch for his coming and beguile him to stay. His special friend, Private Delarey, taught him several engaging tricks, and Jules—for he came of true French stock—loved showing himself off.

But the end of his good time came

quite suddenly. Snugly tucked away for the night, he knew nothing of the brilliant attack, and counter-attack delivered with such swiftness. If he heard the sharp rattle of rifles and spit of machine guns, it was drowsily in his sleep, and he was not disturbed, for he had grown used to these noises, so that when morning came he could not understand why the men in greyish blue uniform now occupying the trench where he lived were not the friends he had played with overnight.

It puzzled him, this thing. Where was Delarey? Why did no one offer him food?

He wandered drowsily from end to end of the trench, seeking some solution. Ah, at last one of the men had thrown him something! He inspected it delicately, head on one side. Surely some mistake: it was a stone!

The next was better timed and aimed. This hit him fairly and hard, and, with just one tiny choking gasp, Jules gave up his little ghost.

And Delarey, in a small field hospital, miles away, with a piece of shrapnel in his side and a raging head, muttered feverishly at intervals—

"Pore little Jools! Wish we'd 'ad time to fetch 'im along. 'Ope they'll look arter Jools."

## A BALLAD OF BULBS.

For several months I've striven hard to earn undue expense;  
I conjugate the verb "to save" in every mood and tense;  
And when Extravagance allures I sternly bid her hence.

I walk into the City, ay and back, on my ten toes;  
Unhailed by me in rain or shine the flying tax goes;  
No more the merry motor-bus my solid presence knows.

I've laid a drastic ban upon the winsome cigarette;  
Against the early morning tea my foe I've sternly set;  
I wear goggles unabashed whenever it is wet.

Pursuing the example set by the King and Court,  
I have abjured my single after-dinner glass of port;  
I stick to barley-water, and I drink it by the quart.

But in the strongest bodies there's a vulnerable spot;  
ACHILLES had it in his heel, and in his heel was shot;  
I thought I was temptation-proof, but found that I was not.

For six long months so tightly and unflinchingly I drew  
My purse-strings that on luxuries I never spent a sou;  
And then bang went five shillings like a bolt from out the blue.

It wasn't for the War Loan bill that they provided grist;  
No, the mischief was accomplished by a seedsman's fatal list,  
And they were blued on bulbs, for bulbs I never could resist.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVIII.

(From the GERMAN EMPEROR.)

MR DEAR WILLIE.—When you receive this I shall be quite dead. Even before the outbreak of the War I had been ailing. On August 1st, 1914, I took to my bed and was definitely separated from you. I did not feel the separation much; it was no great wrench, for latterly, as you know, I had had but little chance to distinguish myself by any useful activity. Though we still kept up a show of living together the strain was obviously becoming too great to continue much longer. Then came the break, and now, as I say, I am going. Even had the War by some miracle been avoided I doubt if our companionship could have been maintained. To be bullied and neglected is never pleasant, and that was evidently the fate which you had marked out for me. The lesson is a bitter one. Would that I had learnt it sooner. I should have saved myself much pain and many harsh disappointments.

As I look back upon my chequered career I ask myself whether I was at any time sufficiently real and convincing for the task I had undertaken to perform. Our articles of association (if I may put it in that way) laid it down that I was to be the good, kind, gentlemanly chivalrous family-Emperor whose only fault was to be a taste for practical jokes of a simple and innocent sort; while you were to play your part in shining armour as an Olympian War-god or in diplomatic intrigues as a modern reincarnation of MACHIAVELLI. I was to discuss the merchant marine with Herr BALLAN at Hamburg, while you were to plan *Dreadnoughts* with von TUPITZ at Kiel or at the Vulcan Works at Stettin. KRUPP was to be in your department; I was to listen to Dr. DRYANDER's sermons and talk peace-talk to the American Ambassador. You were to review the Berlin garrison on the Tempelhofer field and to tell recruits to shoot down their fathers and mothers at your order; and I was to gain a reputation for harmless levity and Imperial *bonhomie* by pulling away the chair on which some porly industrial

magnate was about to seat himself. This may have been slightly vulgar, but it was undoubtedly very funny. At any rate the whole Court laughed most heartily whenever I did it.

Then again there was my visit to Lord LONSDALE with the object of persuading the simple English that we were, after all, a true English gentleman, fond of grouse-shooting and all other English sports. Really I almost wished you had yourself been present instead of me when we drove through Cumberland with outriders and postillions, and an escort of splendidly mounted British Yeomanry prancing and clattering all round us. The whole affair went off most successfully, and had excellent results. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the interview in which I laid bare our heart to the London *Daily Telegraph*. That was meant to please the English, but for some reason it had the opposite effect, and besides all the Germans became furious about it too, and the throne rocked in the storm. The Tweedmouth letter was no more successful, but that was yours, not mine. Nor had I anything to do with the theatre parade to Jerusalem or with the foolish Morocco adventure. These enterprises, like all the other insanities of which I have not strength to write down the list, were hatched in your brain, and, though I protested against them, I was overborne. Can you wonder that I hailed our separation as a release from an intolerable position?

Well, you now have the War on which you were bent, and all I can say is that I hope you like it. I, at any rate, have had no part in it, and cannot be asked to bear any of the responsibility for it. That is yours and yours alone. You have the satisfaction of reflecting that you have put in peril that great structure for the foundation of which thousands of Germans gladly gave their lives. And you, and those who have urged you on or followed you, now stand forth before the world as men who have ruthlessly trampled under foot all laws by which mankind sought to mitigate ferocity, to protect the lives of the innocent and to hold tyranny in check.

(Signed)

WILHELM I. ET R.

## A Mixed Marriage.

From *The Glasgow Bulletin*, under heading "Edinburgh Military Wedding":—

"Lieutenant Noel Bruce, 7th Prov. Stewart, daughter of Dr. Stewart Bruce, Banff, and Miss Margaret Hattison R.S., son of Rev. Dr. . . ."

Mr. Punch's best compliments to that fine body of Amazons, the Miss Margaret Battalion of the Royal Scots.

"MR. BALFOUR'S STRIKING NEW BOOK.

By ARTHUR MACHIN.

Published To-day."—*Evening News*.

Although Mr. MACHIN, on his own showing, is responsible for *The Angels at Mons*, we decline to believe this latest claim for him. Mr. BALFOUR as a writer needs no ghostly assistance.

"There were two charges against an eleven-year-old Cadenton boy named John Lake, of selling newspapers under the age of twelve years, and of shooting newspapers on a Sunday."—*Barry Duck News*.

If the newspapers had been above the age of twelve years we could have better understood the reason for the prosecution.

"BLOW THAT CRIPPLED RUSSIA."—*Evening News*.

Even a Prossimist might refrain from such an ungenerous objugation.

## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.



*Judge (before sentencing prisoner to penal servitude). "YOU WILL ALL BE GRATEFUL TO HEAR THAT THE PRISONER GUARD HAS BEEN SEVERELY PUNISHED BY OUR BRUTE TROOPS."*



*Master. "YOUR PUNISHMENT, JONES, WON'T FEEL SO SEVERE WHEN YOU HEAR THAT WE HAVE JUST GIVEN THE ENEMY A TREMENDOUS THWACKING."*



*Dentist. "IT WILL EASE THE PAIN OF THIS EXTRACTION, SIR, WHEN I TELL YOU THE REGULARS HAVE EXTRACTION THEMSELVES FROM A VERY AWKWARD POSITION."*



*Garfield. "YOU WON'T FEEL THE LOSS OF YOUR WATCH, SIR, OR HEARINGS WHEN WE'VE CAPTURED SEVENTY-NINE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS."*

## BOSCH HUMOUR.

[The German paper, *Kladderfatsch*, gives its readers a dialogue between the captain and first officer of an English liner. After talking of hidden mines and machine guns in the doctor's cabin, it goes on—

*Captain. And the papers?*

*Officer. The false papers are on your desk. Shall I falsify them a bit more?*

*Captain. Not yet. Where are the soldiers?*

*Officer. In the coal bunkers disguised as niggers and sitting on barrels drinking whisky.*

*Captain. Are the Americans on board?*

*Officer. There is one on every deck spitting all round.*

*Captain. Then in God's name forward!*

I HAVE seen a rhinoceros rumpling,  
I have seen hippopotami fight,  
I have watched a giraffe sprint a mile  
and a-half

(The film was exciting that night);  
I once saw a bull-pup give chase to a hare,  
And that was a ludicrous scramble,  
And I witnessed an even more clumsy affair

When a porpoise indulged in a gambol;

I have noticed a motor-bus skidding,  
Seen amateurs fix up a shelf;

I have watched a barge having afternoon tea,  
I have danced in the Lanciers myself;  
But not till the War, when a moment of mirrh  
Inspired this irreverent lyric.  
Had I met with the clumsiest thing upon earth,  
An Allomand being satiric.

## The Cautious Touch.

"From *Reques* the *Telegram* learns that on Sunday evening and Monday evening, about 9.30, an alleged airman appeared above the town, dropping bombs."—*Exeter Express*.

"Stephen Phillips' great love tragedy, under the title of *'Poole and Frances'*, made a pleasant break last night in the Shakespearean plays which are being produced this week at the Exeter Theatre Royal."

*Exeter Express and Echo.*

*Author. "But why drag in SHAKESPEARE?"*

"The first contracts for 'The Daily News' Christmas Pudding Fund have now been placed . . . Roughly speaking, it may be said that sixpence will amply cover the portion of one man."—*Daily News*.

Yes, but what portion? The tongue or the tummy?

## CONCESSIONS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

[It is reported that the War Office is prepared to consider the question of allowing Volunteers to go to the front to dig trenches. No payment will be made, and no uniform, arms or ammunition provided.]

In case of being gassed at the Front, Volunteers must deposit a sum in advance to cover all hospital expenses. They will, however be buried without charge. The applications of members wishing to offer themselves as subjects for vivisection or other dangerous experiments at the hospitals will be considered in rotation.

The War Office will consent to accept men of good character from the Volunteer Corps to act as live targets for marksmen practice; also as cover to save the expense of sandbags. Public School and University men preferred. Entrance fee: two guineas.

## "MAD MULLAN OF BRITISH POLITICS."

*De mortuis nihil bonum.* But it is a little difficult to observe the rule in the case of Mr. ———. —*Nottingham Guardian*.

The journal appears, however, to have made a strenuous attempt to carry out its own maxim.

## TOMLINSON'S PROGRESS.

ABOUT a fortnight after the Tomlinsons had taken "Rosedene" in our road Miss Withers summoned a Council of War. The Vicar's wife had of course called on the Tomlinsons, but, as all the world knows, vicars' wives are nothing to go by; they have to look up everybody, making no distinction between the sheep and the goats. At the Council it was unanimously decided that the Tomlinsons were quite impossible.

I was not surprised; I had myself noticed several unpleasant features about Tomlinson. In saying this I am not alluding particularly to his face, which, though unattractive, was perhaps no more distressing than hundreds of others that one encounters in the City and elsewhere. No, it was not so much his appearance that was at fault as his general social tone. In the first place, he made a practice from the very beginning of rolling the grass-plot in front of his house every evening in his shirt sleeves and with a pipe. It has always been tacitly agreed in our road that personal gardening should be strictly confined to the backs; fronts are done by a professional, who visits us in turn. In the second place, it soon became painfully apparent that he was addicted to the clarinet. There are, no doubt, circles in which this instrument is regarded as correct; ours is not one of them. The piano we know, also the violin, and Miss Withers herself has confessed to some acquaintance with the mandolin; but further than this we have never gone. I think, however, that what really more than anything else turned the scale against our new neighbours was a discovery that Miss Withers made about them when they had only been amongst us for a few days. She found out (how, I know not) that Tomlinson was in the habit of allowing his wife to address him as "Sid." You will now be in a position to grasp Tomlinson. He was, you will see, quite beyond the pale, the sort of man, in fact, who, if you met him and inquired after his health, would be nearly certain to reply, "Nicely, thanks; how's yourself?"

I confess I was a little sorry for the Tomlinsons. It is never pleasant to feel that one is not wanted. Yet it must be admitted that they bore up very bravely, so bravely, indeed, that it almost seemed as if they hardly realised what they were missing. Tomlinson

went on with his rolling and his wife continued to hang out her washing all down the back garden with an indifference to public opinion that could not have been more complete if they had been inhabiting a desert island. Miss Withers was very bitter about it. "This," she said, "is what comes of providing the masses with cheap education."

I often wondered exactly what she meant by this remark, which struck me as irrelevant to the situation; but she repeated it so many times that at last I felt sure there must be something in it.

One day last January I met her at the bottom of the road. "Have you heard?" she said. "The man Tomlinson has

opposite. "I suppose you have heard about him?"

"Yes," I answered sympathetically. "This is a terrible war," she said, and turned and walked dejectedly up the path to her front door.

But worse was in store for her. There was no stopping the enemy. By the end of July he was a major; in the middle of August he was invalided home with a bullet wound in his leg. And when he returned to us it was not merely as an officer. Tomlinson came home a V.C.

I shall never forget his arrival at "Rosedene." For an hour or more the road had been filled by an excited crowd, and when at last Tomlinson appeared in a motor-car with his wife

and the General Officer commanding the district the enthusiasm became so intense that the railings in front of Miss Withers' house gave way with a crash and several of the populace were deposited among her geraniums. I was standing quite close to the scene of the disaster. What would Miss Withers do? Would she faint? Would she go into hysterics? Would she sue Tomlinson for damages? Would she write to the papers? I half expected to see her rush forth upon the invaders and butcher them in cold blood before they could rise. With a shudder I turned my eyes away from the wreck, and for a full minute I dared not glance again in its direction. When I did, I saw Miss Withers on her doorstep. There was a flush on her face, but not of rage. Oblivious of her garden fence, oblivious of what the road might



BREAKING THE NEWS TO A FAVOURITE TRADIT, THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NEW TAX THERE MUST IN FUTURE BE ONLY ONE SPOONFUL OF TEA FOR EACH PERSON, AND NONE FOR THE POL.

enlisted." It was true. Though slightly over military age, he had prevailed on the authorities to accept him, and had left us to serve his King and Country. I admired his spirit and said so, but Miss Withers refused to share my enthusiasm. "It is a pity they can't take his wife too," she said. A little later we heard that he had gained a commission. This time it was I who broke the news to Miss Withers. It was obviously a blow to her, but she took it well. "The Army is not what it was," she remarked sentimentally, and changed the conversation. Weeks passed, and then the gazette announced that Tomlinson had been promoted to the rank of captain. For several days I avoided Miss Withers, and when at length she overtook me one morning I carefully kept off the subject. As we parted at her gate she looked across the road at the Tomlinsons' house just

think, she was waving in one hand a banknote, in the other a small Union Jack, and with her foot she was beating time to the crowd's enthusiastic rendering of "He's a jolly good fellow."

Then I did a foolish thing. A very stout, phlegmatic-looking man was standing immediately in front of me. I took off his hat and flung it high into the air. It was an act which subsequently cost me half-a-guinea. But I didn't care. Nothing really mattered that afternoon.

If you happen to be going down our road any day about 4.30 p.m., you may possibly catch a glimpse on the lawn behind one of the houses of a small lady, rather past middle age, and a short, thick-set man in khaki, who smokes a pipe and walks with a slight limp. It is Miss Withers and Tomlinson, playing croquet.



Englishman (condoling with French officer whose horse has broken his knee). "WELL, HE WAS ON HIS LAST LEGS, ANYWAY, YOUR OLD CHAP!"

French Officer. "Mais non, Monsieur! It was on his first legs that he fell."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CONRAD of course has a way of looking on life as a low, sneaking sort of fellow, lurking in unsuspected places with a deadly sandbag. I suppose that in his *Victory* (METHUEN) he means to show the relentlessly tragic effect of the malevolent gossip of an evil-minded man on the fortunes of a guileless idealist. His central figure, Axel Heyst, is a nobly born Swede, son of a crank, and he inherits a paralysing philosophy of negations and distrusts which make him by choice a hermit, a wanderer and a man of indecision. Out of a dubious South Pacific Island hotel, kept by one Schomberg, a loathly, bullying, envious Teuton (an old villain of Mr. CONRAD's and no product of the War-spirit), Heyst carries away in pity to his lonely home a young English girl who has fallen on evil days in a travelling troop of singers, and is being persecuted chiefly, but not only, by the infatuated hotel-keeper, who, eager for revenge, by a lying tale about Heyst's treasure of ill-gotten gold persuades two egregious scoundrels to follow him. For myself I have to summon up all my faith in Mr. CONRAD's artistic sincerity to bemoan in any such bizarre ruffians as the primitive and bloody Ricardo and the languid, gentlemanly Jones. One might accept them in *Treasure Island*, but in the elaborately contrived realism of Mr. CONRAD's setting they seem incredibly fantastic. His perfected subtlety of method is indeed almost too delicate a medium for the presentation of the fast and

furious riot of passion and bloodshed that *Victory* in the end becomes. Nor can I help thinking that, pressing the consequences of the Schomberg-Heyst affair far beyond the point of decent probability, he has loaded his dice, so to speak, and destroyed that sense of inevitability which ought to be the dominant impression of a tragedy worked out in this ruthlessly detailed and motivated way. . . . And having delivered this tentative judgment for conscience' sake, let me beg of you to ignore the misgivings of an ultra-sensitive and hand yourself over to the enjoyment of a delicate, tender romance and as exciting a yarn as was ever spun out of the very tough fibre of the South Sea Islands by a master craftsman.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE displays a nice discrimination in nurseries. This was one of my first reflections after reading *The Golden Scarecrow* (CASSELL). Indeed one might advertise the book thus:—"Advice to Mothers. Read this if you wish to understand your child!" One may at least say for the volume that it is quite unlike anything else; further, that it is in many ways of a singular and haunting charm. Its scope embraces a tour of the nurseries of a certain aristocratic London square and a sympathetic study of their infant owners. Mr. WALPOLE must himself be a bachelor, this class being notoriously confirmed believers in the "trailing clouds of glory" idea of babyhood. The type is here very pleasantly suggested, and with a quite reverent touch of humour, in the person of a *Friend* (unseen by the grown-ups of the nurseries) whose mission it is to launch the small souls



upon their new life. There are of course three obvious dangers for a book such as this, concerned wholly as it is with various aspects of one idea. It might easily become priggish or sentimental or monotonous. The first of these perils Mr. WALPOLE triumphantly avoids; from the other two you may think perhaps that his escape has been more narrow. I will not do him the injustice of retelling the matter of his various studies, of which his style of telling is the great charm. But I will indicate my own preference for the episode of *Barbara Flint* (an entirely delightful study of childish friendship) and for the penetration into small boy nature shown in the account of *Young John Scarlett* on the day before he first went to school. My advice further is—do not read the book in a lump; keep it at hand, so that when you feel like a change to refreshing society you can go upstairs with Mr. WALPOLE and spend an hour in the nursery. It will well repay the climb.

Stories of dual personality have by this time lost the thrill of novelty. In most the scheme has been on the lines of *Jekyll and Hyde*, with the Subconscious Self usually more or less of a bad lot. *Davenport* (HURSTBLAD) breaks new ground, inasmuch as here the S.S. becomes a pattern of all the virtues, and the personality whom at times he supplants remains of very inferior clay. The protagonist of Mr. CHARLES MARSHOTT's tale is a young photographer, who at first adopts the disguise of a fictitious friend, *Davenport*, to whom he may attribute thoughts and sayings of his own, which in his ordinary state of mind he only imperfectly comprehends. When, owing to the interference of a young woman with spiritualistic tastes, the *Davenport* side of *Harry Belais* is defined, it, or he, takes on a separate existence as a philosopher whose writings convulse England, while poor *Harry*, who is doing it all in his sleep, is left more babbled by than ever. If I fail to make this quite clear to you, I may plead that Mr. MARSHOTT himself has not been much more successful. There are agreeable passages in the story, notably the picture of the overcrowded Rectory in which poor double *Harry* was dragged through a perplexed boyhood. And I liked the notion of giving him an enormous hero-worship for the mysterious *Davenport*. Otherwise I have, as always, an idea that the whole subject is a little too big for treatment in the guise of fiction. Also, since it is abundantly clear from the beginning that *Harry* and *Davenport* are the same person the laborious collection of proof is in danger of becoming wearisome. But when all is said Mr. MARSHOTT remains a dignified and conscientious artist, and this in an age of slipshod writing may well excuse a superfluous page.

Mr. Michael Sampson, the hero of *Little Hearts*, by MARJORIE L. C. PICKETALL (METHUEN), had some points in common with *The Master of Haverwood*; he was a very indigent young gentleman who lived alone in a ruinous old house and was waited on by a devoted but cantankerous

old serving-man. But there were differences too; for Mr. Sampson did not come to a tragic end, and he was no man of action, but a scholar engaged in writing a "Philosophy of Poverty." Poverty had a capital letter in this work; and so had the other nouns, because it was written about the middle of the eighteenth century. Mr. Sampson's philosophic meditations were interrupted one day by the apparition of a young gentleman who was thrown from his horse over the garden-wall and landed in the violet-frame, with some damage to the flowers and to his own head. Circumstances made it appear—it was only appearance—that the gentleman thus projected was a Jacobite, pursued by agents of KING GEORGE. Mr. Sampson loved him at first sight and harboured him from pursuit, and continued to love him in circumstances which made his love singularly generous; but he could not save him. A reader would be

hard to please who found nothing to suit his taste in this book. The two friends ride far and fast to escape their pursuers; and, for those who prefer reflection to action, there are extracts from the "Philosophy of Poverty," containing much nice observation of life. MARJORIE PICKETALL's style is delicate and pretty, and from beginning to end her work shows a very dainty craftsmanship.

It all depends on what you demand from an historical novel. If you will have nothing but heroes vaulting on chargers and racing across country to foil plots against the king, or if you insist on plain John Blants following their dear lords to the wars, you must go elsewhere for your intellectual refreshment. But if you can enjoy a leisurely ARNOLD BENNETT-like chronicle of a man's youth and development, a novel of atmosphere rather than action, you will like *Pretty Maids All In A Row*, which is the silly and quite



A SUBURBAN GENTLEMAN, RETURNING FROM THE CITY, WITH HIS MIND FULL OF THE WORRIES OF THE MISSING COAT OF LIVING, IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY THE SINGULAR INAPPROPRIATENESS OF THE NAME OF HIS HOUSE.

meaningless title of JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY's latest novel (HURST AND BLACKETT). It is the story of the life of FRANÇOIS VILLOX from early childhood to the moment when he was compelled to fly from Paris after killing PHILIPPE SEARON. Mr. MCCARTHY's *Villex* is not the *Villex* of *A Lodging For The Night*, but a chivalrous and blameless *Villex*, so much more sinned against than sinning that one can hardly realise that this is supposed to be the same person whom STYVENSON showed debating within himself as to the advisability of knifing the good man who had given him shelter. However, you pay your four-and-sixpence and you take your choice. For my own part, I thoroughly disbelieved in this latest portrait, but I enjoyed *Pretty Maids All In A Row* immensely. There is a pleasant smoothness about everything that Mr. MCCARTHY writes, and he certainly has the gift of making the reader live in the past. But the more historical novels I read, the better I appreciate the merits of my own century. The only people who seem to have had even a passably good time in those days were the great nobles, and it would have been just my luck to have been born a varlet or even a scurvy knave.

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